



Rage



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Chapter 1 by Anthony

Sid stood up covered in blood as the witch hidden in the shadows started enchanting an evil spell.

"Hey come fight me you evil..."

The witch continued chanting a spell. When she finished she looked up at him while smiling. The witch was missing teeth and had old boney hands with 10-inch fingers. Only hers eyes and her hands were visible in the dark.

The ground started shaking beneath Sid as he held his sword firmly in his hands. Huge cracks starting tearing through the ground. As Sid looked up he saw the witch floating in the air. He pulled his sword back as he ran full sprint at her.

"Die", he yelled.

Hands, starting tearing through the ground forcing Sid to lost his balance causing him to spill forward onto his chest with his weapon aside him. Within minutes, dead corpses were climbing

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transformed into a numbing sensation in all four of his limbs. His eyes turned a dark shade of red. He immediately started to swing his sword with much more force and rage. This was no longer Sid. He was now experiencing uncontrollable rage. His free was stripped away from him leaving him only an appetite to destroy. It's as if he was possessed by a rageful powerful spirit.

Sid is a Berserker.

Chapter 2 by LethalPianist



Rage.

That is all one sees when the urge of blood takes one over. Sid could no longer see, no longer think, no longer feel, no longer love.

He has become nothing but a machine that toils for death.

With an earth-shattering roar, the ground around Sid visibly rippled. The earth rose up and swallowed the less-fortunate undead. The witch watched with horror as her army was decimated by a single shout.

"T-this isn't possible..."

With a single slash, so fast that it cleaved the air in front of Sid, a wide arc spread, obliterating everything in it's path. The air pressure rushing back blew apart the undead and detonated like a bomb.

"Arghhhhhh!!!" Sid yelled.

The undead backed away in fear. Even in their primitive, reincarnated brains they could sense the building danger to their (second) lives.

The air around Sid visibly turned red. That was his blood dispersing into the air, building up his bloodlust with his own blood.

Sid spun in a semi-circle. It generated a tornado that advanced towards the ranks of the undead.

The witch couldn't believe her eyes. This was beyond human. Sid continued to ravage the landscape. The witch knew she needed to act. She chose a grimoire of fire and began chanting. The ground beneath the witch's feet visibly decayed, as mana was drained from the grass and converted into fire.

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Sid noticed the looming threat even in his deep bloodlust. He proceeded to bury his sword into the ground and began chanting in a archaic language, with guttural sounds and noises. The grass around his feet began to lose their luster also.

"Impossible! Berserkers can't possibly do such complex magic!" The witch exclaimed.

Sid raised a hand, and deadly spears of pure, crimson blood floated around it. He then clutched his hand into a fist.

The spears didn't miss their mark.

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